

The news from Kentucky to-day is of rather an exciting character, and indicates that the rebels are in earnest in the work of attempting to blockade the river, and interfere with the communications of our army at Chattanooga. We hope and believe they will get soundly thrashed in their attack on Paducah and Columbus.

The budget of news from the East brings nothing very startling.

The WASHINGTON NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER, ycleped the "fossiliferous," has a long article upon the "qualifications of suffrage," brought out by the fact that the Senate in maturing the bill organizing the territory of Montana, had decided in favor of removing the restriction which would confine the right of suffrage to white citizens of the United States in that Territory. It promises in the first place, that it would be a mockery to confer this privilege on negroes in Montana, as few if any will ever emigrate to that remote Territory, and yet withhold it from negroes in other parts of the country, and therefore supposes that those who voted to confer this privilege, will be zealous to establish the same principle in such states as yet deny the elective franchise to the colored population.

Its first reason for denying the right to negroes is that "the so-called right of suffrage is not a natural right." This argument of the eruditio writer proves too much, for if it is not a natural right to one, it is not to another. But to illustrate this principle, the writer cites the case of minors and of the female sex, and says it is a matter of expediency in excluding them from the right of voting, while there are undoubtedly very many young men between the ages of twelve and twenty-one years who are better fitted to participate intelligently in the elective franchise than many of maturer years, thus entirely ignoring the principle that "taxation and representation" should be inseparable.

But the great reason with the writer why negroes should be excluded from voting at present is, not because they are black, but because as a class, they are ignorant—too ignorant to be allowed that privilege. This is certainly not a bad test, but it would be fatal to the party in favor of which the INTELLIGENCE has of late years thrown its influence. If intelligence and not color is the test, the negroes and "white trash" of the South should have exchanged privileges, for if the universal testimony of our returned soldiers and travelers in the South is to be believed, the blacks are much the most intelligent of the two classes, and we have known many voters in the Northern States who have made their "mark" in the world only by signing their name with a cross.

But we need not pursue the absurdities of this anti-suffrage writer. He pretends to abjuro prejudice against color, but when you come to simmer down his argument, it amounts to that and nothing else.

MISS WEBB has repeated in Cincinnati her reply to Miss Dickinson, in which she made her *debut* in New York. The Gazette says of the effort: "We think Tallyrand's criticism on the young author's book will apply most admirably to Miss Webb's lecture: 'It had some new things in it, and some good things; but the new things were not good, and the good things were not new.' The new things were her own; the good things were the extracts she made from Miss Dickinson's address, and the 'song of the shiv' before mentioned." Miss Webb has not been fortunate enough in her new role to secure either the approval of her friends or the serious criticism of her opponents.

The New York Tribune says: The efforts of Gen. McClellan's friends to secure for him the subscription sword at the Fair reminds us of the answer of an eminent Bostonian when solicited last summer to subscribe for a similar weapon. "What give him another sword? Why doesn't he use the one he's got?"

Nevertheless, we think the present competition beneficial, and hope it will be continued. Hundreds of Copperheads and Rebel sympathizers, whom no other method could induce to attend the Fair or to give money for the soldiers, will give it for the sake of voting for McClellan.

The Rebels are heaping up for themselves "Wrath against the day of Wrath," by proclaiming their intention to treat all captured colored troops as outlaws and murderers. When the fact shall be known that "no quarter" will be given to the black soldier, it cannot be expected that he will give quarter to his deadly enemies. If this barbarism shall obtain in this branch of our army, the responsibility will rest with the chivalry of the South.

One of the most gratifying incidents in connection with the result of the election in Connecticut, is the defeat of Eaton, the "right hand man" of Tom Seymour and the bosom friend of Toucey, the Senator. He was the noisiest, most fool-mouthed and most malignant of the extreme Copperheads, and talked more undisguised treason than perhaps any man in the North, not excepting Vallandigham.

MARCHING ORDERS.—The 33rd Regiment Wisconsin Infantry, commanded by Col. Orr, has received orders to report at Baltimore, to join Gen. Burnside's expedition. They are quartered at Camp Washburn, Milwaukee, and are to leave next Monday.

THE ATLANTIC COMMISSION.—The long continuance of the easterly winds has set off ocean in tremendous excitement. Curiously are the waves, beating upon the rocks and sands of our coast, and the marauders are visiting the shore to view the sublime spectacle. On Monday, many thousands of men, women and children in this county were in carts and carriages heading toward Plum Island, Cape Ann, Swampsott, and Nahant, to see and hear the sea in its fury. At Plum Island the waves have tossed the sands in their rage, making fearful intrads upon the land, some of the high bluffs have been cut in for rods.—*Newburyport Herald*.

—The "Democratic" State Convention for Illinois, to appoint Presidential electors and delegates to the National Convention, has been called to meet at Springfield, on the 15th of June. Another Convention is to be called to nominate candidates for State officers.

THE ATLANTIC.—The Madision Cavalry Regiment is filled to the maximum number and the recruiting party is relieved.

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Janesville Daily Gazette.

JANESVILLE, WIS., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1864.

NUMBER 39.

VOLUME 5.

Abolition of Slavery.

The following is the vote in the United States Senate on the proposed amendment to the Constitution to prohibit slavery in the United States:

Yeas—Anthony, of R. I.; Brown, of Mo.; Chandler, of Mich.; Clark, of N. H.; Collier, of Vt.; Cushing, of Cal.; Cowan, of Pa.; Dixon, of Conn.; Doolittle, of Wis.; Fessenden, of Me.; Foot, of Vt.; Foster, of Conn.; Grimes, of Iowa; Hale, of N. H.; Herdin, of Oregon; Harlan, of Iowa; Harris, of N. Y.; Henderson, of Mo.; Howard, of Mich.; Howe, of Wis.; Johnson, of Me.; Lane, of Ind.; Lane, of Kansas; Morgan, of N. Y.; Morrill, of Me.; Nesmith, of Oregon; Pomeroy, of Kansas; Ramsey, of Minn.; Sherman, of Ohio; Sprague, of R. I.; Sumner, of Mass.; Treadwell, of N. J.; Trumbull, of Ill.; Van Winkle, of Va.; Wade, of Ohio; Wilkinson, of Minn.; Willey, of Va.; Wilson, of Mass.—38.

Nays—Davis, of Ky.; Hendrick, of Ind.; McDougal, of Cal.; Powell, of Ky.; Ridle, of Del.; Saulsbury, of Del.—6.

THE JOINT RESOLUTION AND AMENDMENT.

The following is the joint resolution passed:

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both houses concurring, that the following article be proposed to the legislatures of the several states as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which when ratified by three-fourths of said legislatures, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the said Constitution, namely:—

ARTICLE XIII.

Section 1.—Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Sec. 2.—Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

PROF. MARTINE'S DANCING SCHOOL.—Prof. M. has concluded to open his school for tuition in dancing at Hyatt's House Hall, on Monday afternoon next, at 4 o'clock.

The school will also meet again in the evening at 7 o'clock, and continue in session until 9, after which there will be a "social," to which the members of the school will have full access, and outside parties will be charged a small admission fee—perhaps 50 cents.

THE TELEGRAPH AT FAULT.—On Monday last at 1 o'clock p.m., Rev. Mr. Lawrence, of this city, wrote a telegraphic message to Whitewater, to be sent to his family, stating the reason for his lengthened absence from home, and naming the time of his return. The message was prepaid, but his family did not receive it. Telegraphic operators are at fault somewhere. It is a maladroit. It is copper-colored and copper-headed. It is, to all intents and purposes, the child of miscegenation.

THE PROTECTOR OR COL. STRAIGHT ARRIVED FROM DIXIE.—The Baltimore American says: There has arrived at Baltimore a refugee from Richmond, Mrs. Lucy A. Rice. Her case is one deserving of public sympathy and liberal aid. Mrs. Rice, despite the tyranny that reigns at Richmond, has always preserved her loyalty to the Union, and evinced a warm sympathy for the sufferings of our officers and men who have been imprisoned in Richmond. Her house was for nine days the hiding place and refuge of Col. Straight, Major B. B. McDonald, and another officer after they escaped from the Libby Prison, and were awaiting an opportunity to get out of the city. In searching them and providing for their wants during those nine days, while the whole city was being searched for them, Mrs. Rice subjected herself to a risk that can only be comprehended by those who understand the vindictiveness of the Richmond authorities, and the extreme pains and penalties they would have visited upon any one aiding our officers, especially Col. Straight, in making their escape. Mrs. Rice, however, accepted all this risk, and she brings with her letters from Col. Straight and Major McDonald, in which they warmly acknowledge her services.

Mrs. Rice has been forced to abandon all she possessed in Richmond, while her remaining means have been exhausted by the expenses incurred in reaching our country.

—A writer from New York describes a misquarade party given a few evenings since by a fashionable lady, "formerly a famous Boston belle" and in the getting up of which no end of money was lavished. The costumes were unique, outre, dazzling, gorgeous. The distinguished hostess herself, always fertile in expedients, immortalized her gowns, appearing before her astonished guests with a coronet of living flame-jets! In the course of the entertainment, which was kept up until six o'clock, a.m.—breakfast being duly served to the revelers—the lettuce hung in drooping clusters as it left the place of last year's growth, and the cucumbers were as like a muskmelon seed as when they left the yellow vine which had once enclosed them. The sun and sun and the ripened fruit gave place to a lowering sky and eggs at 15 cents a dozen. We were absolutely "done for," and forthwith ordered for "our boy," "Young America," a new sled, fur mittens, and a pair of stoga boots.

—What is to pay? Can't somebody take hold of the comet and twist his tail, and "head" him for some other portion of the universe. That is the way bally steers are brought to their senses.

The same paper contains an editorial

"Talk about the season," which relates the fact that the then present season was not the first cold and late season which had occurred, and there states that on the 16th of April, 1822, the snow was a foot deep all along the south shore of Lake Erie, and on the 5th of May, 1821, snow covered the ground to the depth of ten inches in the interior counties of New York. Both of these seasons were, nevertheless, good ones, for the crops, and notwithstanding the auspicious spring of 1827, the crops were unusually good, and the only injury sustained, which was light, was by late rains, after the grain was cut and in the sheaf.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1864.

THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

Near the cross-roads, not far from the Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man, of fifty. He was respected wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and, it might be safely add, nor the devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, "He is as brave as old Bradley." One night, toward the close of September, he stood alone by the anvil, plowing his labors, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a gorgous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated:

"In the name of Jesus protect me!" As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form, three men entered, the foremost one exclaiming:

"We've treed him at last! There he is—seize him!" and as he spoke he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order, but Bradley suddenly arose, seized a sledge-hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed:

"Back! Touch him not, or by the grace of God I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

"Do you give shelter to an abolitionist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenseless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated the leader.

"Of the devil!" ejaculated Bradley.

"He is a spy! an abolitionist hound!" exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence; "and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you had better not interfere. You know you are already suspected, and if you insist upon sheltering him will confirm it."

"Sus-pected! Suspected of what?" exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why, of adhering to the North," was the reply.

"Adhering to the North!" ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. "I adhere to no North!" he continued; "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God, as long as I have breath," he added, as he brought the sledge-hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Bradley," said the leader, as he retreated.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith, as he pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When he turned to go back into the shop he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand, exclaimed, "Oh! how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord: you must fly to the country, and that at once!"

"But my wife and children?"

"Mattie and I will attend to them. But you must go to-night!"

"To-night?"

"Yes. In the morning, if not sooner, they will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night."

"But how?"

"Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They were to start to-night. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl entered the shop and hurriedly said:

"Father, what is the trouble to-night?"

Her eye resting upon the fugitive, she approached him, and, in a sympathizing tone continued, "Ah, Mr. Peters, has your turn come so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a fine rosy girl, just past her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley's home and heart. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her, and in a mild but firm tone said:

"Mattie, you must conduct me to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They were to start to-night. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you."

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That none of your business."

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member in Mr. Peters church, and therefore some little excuse to be made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has been suspected, and is now accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this you must take the consequences. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer no!"

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and he who makes it is a villain!"

"I accuse him of being a traitor—aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson, "if my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union, am still for the Union, and will be for the Union as long as life lasts!"

At these words the chairman clutched a pistol that lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's hunting-knife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before he could make the fatal plunge a swift-winged messenger of death had him at the feet of his intended victim, while, at the same instant, another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light and leaving all in darkness. Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken.

In the midst of the conflagration a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his hands were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon, and was driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

When Mattie was about to return home, two of the party prepared to accompany her, but she protested, "warning them of the danger, as the enemy was doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But notwithstanding they insisted, and accompanied her until she reached the road a short distance above her father's shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened into the house; but her father was not there. As she returned to the shop she thought she could hear

the noise of horses' hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then shod that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized and carried off but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood, a wagon containing two persons, drove up, one of whom, an athletic young man, got out and entered the shop.

"Good evening, Mattie! Where is your father?" he said. Then observing the strange demeanor of the girl he continued, "Why, Mattie, what ails you? What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

"They have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?"

"They have dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!" Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, she exclaimed:

"Oh, that I should live to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here I go!"

At this, the other person in the wagon alighted and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "you would like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like very much to leave you; but den I'd like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have obtained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours? Ay, fight to the death?"

"I'll fight for yours my time, Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without a prospect of reward. If I succeed I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down and swear before the ever-living God, that, if you falter or shrink the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to everlasting fire!"

"I swear, Massa," said the negro knelling.

"An, I hope that God Almighty may strike me dead if I don't go through fire and water and obey ting!"

"I am satisfied, Joe," said his master, then turning to the young girl, who had been a mute spectator of this singular scene, he continued:

"Now, Mattie, you get into the wagon, and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and you remain there with Mrs. Peters and the children, until I bring you some intelligence of your father."

While the sturdy old blacksmith was awaiting the return of his daughter, the party that he had repulsed, returned with increased numbers, and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in their seizing the smith and carrying him off. They conveyed him to a tavern half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was arraigned before what was termed a vigilance committee.

The committee met in a long room on the ground floor, dimly lighted by a lamp which stood upon a small table in front of the chairman. In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival he was placed before the chairman for examination. The old man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless he cast a defiant look upon those around him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" demanded the smith, fiercely eyeing his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"That is a lie, and that he who utters such charges against me is a scoundrel!"

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a large bandage about his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley. "Simpson," continued the chairman, "what have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith's shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest; and that upon their return, he could not be found; and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Yes."

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"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

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In the midst of the conflagration a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his hands were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon, and was driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said:

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the noise of horses' hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then shod that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized and carried off but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

It was an affecting scene—there in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which the patriot fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while the tears coursed down his furrowed checks.

He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace, for his resolve had wavered, and he hurried his daughter to his bosom.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1864.

THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

Near the cross-roads, not far from the Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—nud, it might be safely added, nor the devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, "He is as brave as old Bradley." One night, toward the close of September, he stood alone by the anvil, paying his labors, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a gorgeous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause, and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated,

"In the name of Jesus protect me!" As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form, three men entered, the foremost one exclaiming:

"We've treed him at last! There he is—seize him!" and as he spoke he pointed at the staggering figure.

The others advanced to obey the order, but Bradley suddenly arose, seized a sledge-hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed:

"Back! Touch him not, or, by the grace of God I'll brain you!"

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

"Do you give shelter to an abolitionist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenseless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated the leader.

"Of the devil!" ejaculated Bradley.

"He is a sly abolitionist hound!" exclaimed the leader, with increased venom; "and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you had better not interfere."

"You know you are already suspected, and if you insist upon sheltering him will confirm it!"

"Suspected! Suspected of what?" exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why of 'adhering to the North,'" was the reply.

"Adhering to the North?" ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. "I adhere to no North," he continued; "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, to help my God! as long as I have breath," he added, as he brought the sledge-hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Bradley, without further trouble. You are only risking your own neck by your interference."

"Not so long as I live to defend him," was the answer. Then pointing towards the door, he continued, "Leave my shop!" and as he spoke he again raised the sledge-hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanor of the smith availed them into compliance with the order.

"You'll regret this in the morning, Bradley," said the leader, as he retreated.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith, as he pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When he turned to go back into the shop he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand, exclaimed, "Oh! how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks," Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord: "you must fly the country, and that at once!"

"Be my wife and children?"

"Matti, I will attend to them. But you must go to-night!"

"To-night?"

"Yes. In the morning, if not sooner, they will return, with a large force, and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night."

"But how?"

"Matti will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They were to start to-night. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl entered the shop and hurriedly said:

"Father, what is the trouble to-night?" Her eye resting upon the fugitive, she approached him, and, in a sympathizing tone, continued, "Ah, Mr. Peters, has your turn come so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a fine, rosy girl, just past her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley's home and heart. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her, and in a mild but firm tone said:

"Matti, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately, then we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick! No time is to be lost. The bloodhounds are upon the track. They have scented their prey and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner than we expect. So haste, daughter, and God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said—

"Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance up the road, and then turned off in a by-path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets, while others were cleaning their rifles and fixing pikes. The lady of the house, a half woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. She greeted Mattie very kindly. The fugitive, who was known by two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee regiment when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home, two of the party prepared to accompany her, but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy was doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But notwithstanding, they insisted, and accompanied her until she reached the road a short distance above her father's shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened into the shop, but her father was not there. As she returned, she thought she could hear

the noise of horses' hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then behold that the things were in great confusion and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized and carried off but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood, a wagon, containing two persons, drove up, one of whom, an athletic young man of five and twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

"Good evening, Mattie! Where is your father?" he said. Then observing the strange demeanor of the girl he continued,

"Why, Mattie, what ails you? What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

"They have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, she exclaimed:

"Oh! that I should live to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced!"

"Well, John, he said, as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with fond eyes at her who was so dear to him, "I shall not object if Mattie is willing."

"Oh, we arranged that as we came along," replied the young man.

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like very much to leave you; but den I'd like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have obtained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours?... Ay, fight to the death?"

"I'll fight for yours any time, Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have to separate you on board to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without a prospect of reward. If I succeed I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down and swear before the ever-living God that if you falter shrink the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to everlasting fire!"

GENERAL PARAGRAPHS.

—Mr. Everett writes for the *Leviator*. The *Leviator* nominates Mr. Everett for the Presidency.

Boasting is not always prudent, if indeed it ever is. A fellow once boasted that he was a bachelor, as his father had been before him.

Miss Emma Webb has challenged Miss Lieckinson and Horace Greeley to meet in a public discussion of the policy of Emancipation.

—Princeton N. J., has exactly reversed the figures of its last year's election, the vote for Mayor yesterday being thirty majority for the Union candidate against a Democratic majority of thirty last year.

—The Copperhead candidates for Vice President, spoken of at Washington, are Geo. J. Pugh, Seymour, of Connecticut, Fernando Wood, Judge Woodward, of Pennsylvania, and Wyckliffe of Kentucky.

The contest in the New York Fair is spiritied between the friends of Grant and "Little Mac," as to the disposition of the great sword. What can McClellan want of it?

—Thad Stevens, of Pennsylvania, who has worn a wig for these twenty years, was lately applied to in behalf of the St. Louis Sanitary Fair for a lock of his hair to put in a congressional wreath.

—Judge W. H. Drinker, of New York, while making an excited speech on the New York tax levy, before the Committee on Cities, in the Capitol, Wednesday afternoon, suddenly fell upon the table, and died immediately of disease of the heart.

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—The Rev. J. Potter certifies—that I have used Dr. Wynkoop's Pectoral for several years, myself, and my family, for severe pulmonary complaints, and have recommended it to many others, and have never seen its equal."

—The Copperhead candidates for Vice President, spoken of at Washington, are Geo. J. Pugh, Seymour, of Connecticut, Fernando Wood, Judge Woodward, of Pennsylvania, and Wyckliffe of Kentucky.

—The Copperheads in Hartford went into a Republican meeting on Tuesday evening and created considerable disturbance. Whenever the names of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Gen. Grant were mentioned, they hissed with great venom.

—Noting the refusal of the New Jersey Legislature to permit soldiers to vote, the Nashville *Union* observed that there are only two classes of men who are afraid of Union soldiers—the Northern Copperhead politicians and the Southern rebels.

—The Copperheads in Hartford went into a Republican meeting on Tuesday evening and created considerable disturbance. Whenever the names of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Gen. Grant were mentioned, they hissed with great venom.

—The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith's shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest; and that upon their return he could not be found; and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

—Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Who is the preacher?"

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member in Mr. Peters' church and therefore some little excuse is to be made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has been suspected, and is now accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this you must take the consequences. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer no."

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and he who makes it is a villain."

"I accuse him of being a traitor—aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me, the name of traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union, and still for the Union, and will be for the Union as long as life lasts."

At these words the chairman clutched a pistol lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie knife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before he could make the fatal plunge a swift-winged messenger of death hid him at the feet of his intended victim, while, at the same instant, another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light and leaving all in darkness. Confinement reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken.

In the midst of the consternation a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon, and was driven rapidly off. In the midst of the darkness the fugitive, who was known by two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee regiment when they got to Kentucky.

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COMMERCIAL.

REPORTED FOR THE JANEVILLE GAZETTE, BY BUMP & GRAY,
GRAIN AND FLOUR DEALERS.

JANEVILLE, April 14, 1864.

We make up prices as follows:

WHEAT—Good to choice milling spring at \$1.00 per bushel.

1/4 common to good shipping grades at \$1.00-\$1.05 per bushel.

RYE—Quotable at \$0.90-\$1.00 per bushel—more coming forward.

CORN—Shelled, 30 bushels at 75¢ per bushel; ear corn, 8¢ per bushel.

OATS—Good local and shipping demand at 57¢ per bushel or No. 1, and 62¢ per bushel for mixed lots.

BARLEY—Flour samples at \$1.15-\$1.18; common to fair at 95¢-\$1.10. Extra for feed \$1.20.

TIMOTHY SEED—Good to choice at \$1.00-\$1.05 per bushel.

DRESSED HOGS—Range at \$4.25-\$5.25 for light to heavy.

BEANS—Prime white \$2.00-\$2.25; mixed lots \$1.25-\$1.75.

POTATOES—Choice Nettahocks and Peashell Blows \$6.00; common 40¢-\$0.50.

BUTTER—Good demand at 25¢-\$25¢ for good to choice roll.

EGGS—Wanted at 11¢-\$12¢ per dozen.

POULTRY—Turkeys, dressed, \$6.00; Chickens 75¢ per pound.

HIDES—Green 75¢-\$8¢; dry 12¢-\$16¢.

BEEF—Butts—Lungs from \$1.00 to \$2.50 each.

FLOUR—Spring at retail \$2.75 per hundred.

TOBACCO—Turk to prime leaf tobacco.

WOOL—Dull a 68¢-72¢; 1/2 lb. unwashed.

FLOUR—Spring at retail at \$3.00 per 100 lbs.

PRICE CURRENT OF GROCERIES.

BUOARS—FISH—
Granulated, Crushed *Col.* 5
and powdered. 25 Handbeck and Pollock 5

N. Y. A. Coffey Sugar. 25

COFFEE—
" " 25

AA Portland. 25

" " 25

AA Portland. 25

SYRUPS—
Chicago Sugar House. 1.00

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COMMERCIAL

REPORTED FOR THE JANESVILLE GAZETTE, BY TOM & GRAY,
GRANITE AND BRIDGE DEALERS.

JANESVILLE, April 14, 1864.

We make up prices as follows:

WHITM—Floor to ceiling milling spring at \$10.00⁰⁰

1 1/4" common to good shipping grades at \$10.00⁰⁰

1 1/2"—Quotable at \$10.00⁰⁰ for 90 pounds—more coming forward.

CORN—Shelled, 30 lb at 75¢ per bushel do, 5¢⁰⁰

1 1/2" do, 70¢⁰⁰

OATS—Good local and whipping demand at 5¢⁰⁰

or No. 1, and 5¢⁰⁰ for mixed lots.

BARLEY—Fine samples at \$1.00⁰⁰ & 1.20⁰⁰

common 80¢⁰⁰

WHEAT—Fine samples at \$1.00⁰⁰ & 1.20⁰⁰

common 80¢⁰⁰

FLAX—Fine samples at \$1.00⁰⁰ & 1.20⁰⁰

common 80¢⁰⁰

TIFFIN' SALT—Good to choice at \$1.00⁰⁰ & 1.25⁰⁰

40 pounds.

DRESSED HOGS—Range at \$2.00⁰⁰ & 2.25⁰⁰ for light to heavy.

BEANS—Prime white \$2.00⁰⁰ & mixed lots \$1.25⁰⁰

1 1/2" do, 1.75⁰⁰

POTATOES—Choice Nebraskans and Peach Blows

each, common 80¢⁰⁰

BUTTER—Good demand at 20¢⁰⁰ for good to choice roll.

EGGS—Wanted at 11¢⁰⁰ & per dozen.

POULTRY—Turkeys, dressed, 80¢⁰⁰. Chickens @ 6¢⁰⁰ per pound.

HIDES—Green & tan: dry 12¢⁰⁰.

SCREW NUTS—Bronze from \$1.00⁰⁰ to \$2.00 each.

FLOUR—Spring at retail \$2.75 per hundred.

TOBACCO—Retail to prime 70¢⁰⁰

WOOL—Dull at 60¢⁰⁰, 1/2¢⁰⁰ for unwashed.

FLOUR—Spring at retail at \$3.00 per 100 lb.

PRICE CURRENT OF GROCERIES.

SEEDS—*Fish*

Granulated, Cracked, 25¢⁰⁰

and Powdered, 25¢⁰⁰

N. Y. Cotton Seed, 25¢⁰⁰

Coffee, 25¢⁰⁰

Co., 25¢⁰⁰

Co., 25¢⁰⁰

AA Portland, 10 to 20¢⁰⁰

Java, 25¢⁰⁰

STRIPS—*Candles*

Chicago Sugar, 12¢⁰⁰

1 1/2" do, 12¢⁰⁰

N. D. Molasses, 100¢⁰⁰

Cuba Cigars, 100¢⁰⁰

SEEDS—*Flax*

New Dried Apples, 12¢⁰⁰

Colgate & Oakley Sp., 14¢⁰⁰

Old, 14¢⁰⁰

Blackberries, 20¢⁰⁰

Pared Peaches, 20¢⁰⁰

25¢⁰⁰

Vinegar, Molasses, 20¢⁰⁰

Raspberries, 20¢⁰⁰

Layer Raisins, 20¢⁰⁰

Zante Currants, 25¢⁰⁰

—*Flax*

SPICES—*Flax*

Cinnamon, 100¢⁰⁰

Pepper, 100¢⁰⁰

Alspice, 100¢⁰⁰

Starch, 100¢⁰⁰

Cloves, 100¢⁰⁰

Mustard, 100¢⁰⁰

CHACKERS—*Flax*

Butter, 100¢⁰⁰

Soda, 100¢⁰⁰

Nuts, 100¢⁰⁰

Sweet, 100¢⁰⁰

Bottos, 100¢⁰⁰

NEW YORK MARKET.

[By Telegraph.]

NEW YORK, April 14.

COTTON—Very firm, at 80¢⁰⁰ & 85¢⁰⁰ extra

FLOUR—10¢⁰⁰ & 15¢⁰⁰ higher, quiet.

WHEAT—Slight, at 17¢⁰⁰ & 18¢⁰⁰

SPRING—Slight, at 17¢⁰⁰ & 18¢⁰⁰

WHEAT—Slight, at 17¢⁰⁰ & 18¢⁰⁰

STOCKS—Irregular, but active. Sterling 100¢⁰⁰

United States 6¢⁰⁰ coupons 125¢⁰⁰; 6¢⁰⁰ registered at 125¢⁰⁰

coupons 115¢⁰⁰

100¢⁰⁰

100¢⁰⁰

100¢⁰⁰

MILWAUKEE MARKET.

[By Telegraph.]

MILWAUKEE, April 14, 1864.

FLOOR—Is excited and irregular, but sales are not very heavy. Spring X 20¢⁰⁰ & 25¢⁰⁰

WHEAT—Opened excited, 1/2¢⁰⁰ better, but closes dull and tending downward. No. 1 spring wheat receipts 100¢⁰⁰ & 125¢⁰⁰; No. 2 100¢⁰⁰ & 125¢⁰⁰

WHEAT—Dull, since 100¢⁰⁰

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[By Telegraph.]

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